OLD SQUIDS AND LITTLE SPELLER.

In the days of content, when wants were few and well supplied, when New England rum was pure and cheap, and while the older generation still wore the knee breeches and turkey-tailed coats of Colonial days, old Bailey, who kept a toll-gate on the Hartford and Provi-dence turnpike, died. For forty years after the Revolution Bailey lived in the solitary little toll house, near the bridge over the turbulent Quinnebaug, and in all that time had never failed to answer the call to come and take toll; but one night he responded not, and they found him sitting in his chair with an open Bible on his knees, and his spirit gone to the

country of which he had been reading.

So it happened that a few days after, the big coach left a tall young man at the Quinnebaug toll house, who brought with him his possessions encased in a handkerchief. The driver of the stage informed the young man that here was the scene of his future activities for the turnpike company, and added, as he saw the young fellow staring at the board beside the door on which, at a long distant time, the rates of toll had been painted, "See here, Old Squids, you'd better chalk up some new figgurs. The old ones is about washed out."

The driver called him Old Squids, but saids from the fact that such a surname, if such it was, had never been heard before in that country, it was strange that he should have been called old. He was, in fact, a young fellow, not more than two or three and twenty, seemingly, Though his skin was bronzed, it was smooth, and though his beard was tangled, each hair at cross purposes, it had never known the razor, and was, therefore, sliky. He was sinewy, though his joints were protuberant, and his broad shoulders were not erect. Yet, perhaps. they called him old because he was moderate in his way, not so much because of laziness as

by inborn disposition.

When the coach rolled away Squids was left standing there, gazing with a perplexed expres-sion at the toll board and abstractedly tugging at his heard. No wonder he was perplexed. There appeared only fragments of words on the board, for the rains had washed the paint away with bewildering irregularity. He could make nothing of it. The very first thing that Squids did therefore, was to tear down the board and take it into the little cottage. Then, without any examination of his new home, he threw his bundle upon the bed and began to repair the damage that time had done to the board. But age had done its inevitable work with it, and as Squids held it on his knees it crumbled in his strong grasp and broke into fragments as though the rude change, after forty years of unmeddled security on the door, had been too much for it.

Squids sorrowfully looked at the fragments at his feet then gathered them up carefully. and gave them a decent interment in an old chest. For a week Soulds inbored to make a new toll-board. Not that the board itself needed so much time, but, alas, the announcement on it did. For, skilful as Squids was with bammer and saw and nails, his fingers were clumsy with the pencil and paint brush. Hour after hour he worked, studying the printed card of rates which the company had given him, so that he might transfer those figures and letters intelligibly upon the board. One night he even dreamed how it should be done, and dreaming, awoke with delight, lighted his candle, and down on his knees he went, to transfer the dream to the board. But his fingers refused to respond to the picture in his mind, and with a sign. Squids returned to bed. At last Squids gave it up. He simply painted upon the board something like this:

The words and the spelling of them he siviv obtained from some passing stranger who wrote them out for Squids upon a shingle. This new board he hung up in the old place. and when he saw any one, man or beast, apcard in case anybody should sak him the toll.

The manager of the company passing by in the stage, though he smiled at the board, comforted Squids by saying that he had done well and then the manager told his companion that Squids was odd, but faithful, and had given Squids was odd, but faithful, and had given proof of his integrity to one of the company's directors. "He doesn't know any name but Squids," said the manager, "and we suppose he is some whaler's walf cast ashore in New London, and left to look out for himself. But he is faithful."

But Squids, while pacified by the manager's approval was by no means content. "Some

al, was by no means content. "Some aid he to himself, as he gazed sadiy a ther abortive effort, "I'll put one up be a credit." Squids seemed happy enough in his lonely home. He made few friends for the spot was remote from the farms of that town. The stage drivers liked him for he always gave each of them a glass of control them a glass of control

home. He made few friends, for the spot was remote from the farms of that town. The stage drivers liked him, for he always gave each of them a glass of cool milk. Squids's only possession, besides his clothes, was a cow. One day one of the drivers said to him: "See hers, old Squids, I've been a drinking your milk, off and on, a year or more for nothing. What can I get for you up to Hartford that will sorter square it up?"

"You injent bring me a spelling book," said Squids. "If you'il buy it and bring it I'll nay what it costs: not more than a dollar. I guess," On the next down trip the driver handed Squids a Websier's spelling book. His blue eres sparkled as he received it, but he said nothing except to express his thanks. But when the stage rolled away, and Squids was alone, he opened the book, huphazard, and then, standing before the tollboard, said, with an accent of triumph in his ions and the gleem of victory in his eys: "By'mby I can paint one and put it up that will be a credit."

Squids could spell two and three lettered words, but heyond that he found himself mired in many difficulties very often. He struggled and wrestied manfully, but rather despairingly, with the two-syllabled words in the speller. That's a B." he would say, "sure, and that's an A. and that spells is. But I don't quite get this ere yet. That's a K, that's an E. and that's an Ik. K is a K. E is an E. R is an R. Ker. That must be Keer, Bakeer. Now what kind of a word is that?"

Thus Baker overthrew him, and he was very despondent. One night, as he lay upon his bed, his eyes wide open and his brain throbbing with the misery of the mystery of Bakeer, a great light came to him. He arose, lighted a candle, and from his early and his pillow than he fell asleep.

In the morning the ten coopers were given to the driver, with the request that they should be exchanged at Hartford for ten pappermint buil's-eyes, streaked red and white. When Squids received the buil's-eyes he put them says on a plate in his cupboard and bided his sime until the

The boy's eyes.

"Pepentiak bull's eyes," said the boy, delightedly.

"You like"em. You shall have one." Here squids seemed about to give Ebenezer the candy, but suddenly restrained himself.

"Hold on," he said, "You've got to earn if. Let's see! Let's see! How will you earn it. Oh' You gaio school?"

"Yes, inwenter."

"Hen. How far have you got?"

"I'vezot to fractions and second reader."

"Sho! No! I wan't to know. Now let's see."

Here Squids meditatively produced the Wolster's speller from its place under his pillow, and opening it said: "H'm.m. Let's see. Now, here. It you will read that colyumn down straight you shall have two bull's eyes. Bight here. Just to see how much you know."

"That's easy," said Ebenezer. "I will read some harder ones."

Squids seemed a little perplexed. At length he said. "Let's try the easy ones first. It'll be so much easier to earn the bull's-eyes. Don't you see?" And Squids placed the point of his lack knife blade upon Baker.

"That's Baker." said Ebenezer.

"Baker," replied Squids, with the queerest accent in his voice. Baker, Sho! so 'tie." Here Squids abstractedly combed his beard with his lack knife.

"Of course its Baker. Ker don't spell keer.

Bquids abstractedly countries.

Of course its Baker. Ker don't spell keer.

Anybody but a fool might a known that. Let
me write it down. Ebenezer."

Then Squids, somewhat to the aston shiment
of Ebenezer, brought forth a shingle, and on the

smooth white side, with a piece of charcoal, spelled out the word B-a-k-a-r.

"What for? Oh, only to see how many you get right, replied the eunning Squids, twelve words, and the boy received two buil's-eyes, and Squids made a coverage the words, and the boy received two buil's-eyes, and Squids made a coverage two buil's-eyes, and Squids made a coverage two buil's-eyes, and Squids made a coverage two builts are seen and and show dyndis whether he could read rightly showed him, for which he was to receive two or more buils-eyes.

Than Squids, taught by a bribed and began to make preparations to build a new foil-board, on which he purposed to paint the tariff of prices in a manner that would be a credit.

"The squids the credit shall was to be seem of petty consequence to him. One evening in March, when the line storm was raging without. Squids, with his spoiler on the table bow was painting out with almost infinite pains the word ontite, so that he might be schooled in printing it correctly and as artistically as Suddenly. Squids paused in his work and listened. There was surely a knock upon his door. That sound was not made by the beating of the state of th

early discovered that the baby liked wheels above all things, and that it displayed wonderful cunning in the arrangement of them after he had whittled them out.

One day Squids found him gazing wonderingly at the Webster's Speller, and though fearingly at the Webster's Speller, and though fearingly at the Webster's Speller, and though fearing wondering to the lawlessness of those little hands, Squids bound the covers firmly together with cords and suffered him to play with the book. Then Squids called the baby Little Speller, and never by any other name. The little one tried hard to say Squids, but could only lisp 'Thid,'' so that Squids came to like this diminutive as spoken by the child better than all other sounds. Some day you and me will reatle with this book, and I calculate we'll get the best of it, won't we, sir ?'' Squids would say to the child when it grew old enough to understand, and the little one would reply.'' Yes we will. Thid.''

Thus they lived, day by day, Little Speller content, while Squids—his happiness was a revelation of delight of which he had had no concention. By and by, when the little one was older, Squids would take him on his knee, and with the Webster speller and a new slate brought from Hartford, they would take up their tasks.

"That's A, sir. See how I make it. One line

concention. By and by, when the little one was older. Squids would take him on his knee, and with the Webster speller and a new slate brought from Hartford, they would take up their tasks.

"That's A, sir. See how I make it. One line down, so, and one across, and that makes A." And Little Speller, with faltering fingers, would draw the lines and say, "Tinat's A. Thid," and Squids would iaugh and say, "We'll have a toll board by and by that will be a credit, and no mistake."

One day Squids spelled out horse on the slate, and Little Speller took the pencil and sketched a horse with very rectangular head and body and very wavy legs, and he said. "No, that's horse, Thid."

Squids roared, and got a shingle and made Little Speller spell horse in that way on it with a crayon. Then Squids nailed the shingle on the wall over the fireplace, and when snybody came in he would point proudly to it, snying: "See how Little Speller spells horse. He's a cute one?"

But before many months went by Squids found that the boy and he wore exchanging places, for the teacher was becoming the taught and the scholar becoming the taught and the scholar becoming the taught and the scholar becoming the taught than the scholar becoming the taught and the scholar becoming the taught the scholar becoming the taught the scholar becoming the taught than the scholar becoming the taught cand the scholar becoming the taught with the scholar show the mysteries of three books and solving them.

"Little Speller." said Squids, one day, "you took to spelling natural, but you takes to 'rithmetic more natural. But it's beyond me. After this you'll have to do the figgering and the spelling for me."

That the child had a talent for mathematica and machanics Squids understood fully, though he could not express it in any other way than by saying: "He's mighty sharp at figgers and mighty cute with the tackknife."

One morning, as Squids was opening the toil-gate, he astonished the traveller who waited to pass through, by suddenly stopping and staring at the h

awe in his glance, upon the face of the sleeping boy.

One day there came to the Quinnebaug toligate some men, and they drove stakes and dug
gitches, and builded a great dam across the
river, half a mile above. Then they put up a
building, larger than any Little Speller ever
saw, and placed within it curious machines,
and they put a huge wheel outside the building. Little Speller seemed entranced as he
watched them day by day, and he caused the
mon to deal with him with great respect, because at a critical time in setting up the wheel,
when it seemed as though something had gone
wrong, they heard a little voice shouting peremptorily. "Loose your ropes, quick," and
they did so, and the wheel settled properly in
place. The men wondered how it was that that

little fellow standing there on a rock could have shouted so commandingly that they trusted him. But they said: 'He's got some gumption, sure.'

When the big wheel was set agoing, and the machines in the mill began to make a frightful clatter, then it was that Little Speller's enthusiasm and delight seemed to be greater even than such a little body as his could contain. He spent hours and hours in the mill watching the machines as they wove the threads of wool into cloth.

Hy and by Squids saw that Little Speller was slient, dreaming, abstracted, and Squids became alarmed. 'It's that air dreadful noise in the mill that's confusing his little head,' reasoned Squids; and he urgred the boy to go there less frequently, but Little Speller went, as was his wont. At length, Squids saw that the boy was busying himself day and night with the jacknife and such other tools as were there, and Squids was pleased, though he could not comprehend what this strange thing was that Little Speller was building. The boy seemed absorbed by his work. When he ate, his great dreamy eyes were fixed hastractedly upon his plate; but he slent soundly, and Squids was not greatly alarmed.

There's something in him that's working out.'' reasoned Squids, and when he saw the fierce energy and enthusiasm with which Little Speller cut and shaped and planed and fashioned the bits of wood. Squids was sure that whatever it was that was working out of him was working out well.

One day Little Speller said, as he put his hand on the thing he had made. 'There, it's done, and it's ali right. It's better than the ones they've got in the mill, only it's wood.''

What might it be, Little Speller?'' asked Squids.

'It's a weaving machine.''

"It's worked out of you. Part of you is in

Squids.

"It's a weaving machine."

"This has the followed of the state of stehed the "when he had brought the man, "that air is worked out of Little Speller. Part of him is in it, and it's a credit."

"The superintendent glanced with some interest at the mode, more to please the lad and Squids than for any other reason.

"Show him how it works." said Squida.

Little Speller did so. It was rude, clumsy; but as the boy explained the working of it the superintendent became excited. He fingered it himself. He worked at it. Great beads of sweat stood on his forchead, for he was intensely interested. At last he said: "That will revolutionize woolen mills. The thing's built words. He had been superintendent smiled. What does there. Where did you get the said of the working out of him ever since the mill was built. Ain't it a credit?"

"Credit!" and the superintendent smiled. What do you want for it? he asked.

"I want to see one built and set to working in the mill," said Little Speller. "He promise you I'll fit the mill with thom; yea, and a hundred mills." Little Speller." Squids as he looked almost reverentially upon the boy. I've yea the superintendent had said, Seizing Little Speller's idea, he had properly handled it, builded machines, obtained patents therefor, and hal revolutionized the woollen mills that were then springing up throughout eastern New England, and had he opened a mine of gold there on the banks of the Quinnebaug, the superintendent had said, Seizing Little Speller with the most constituted as he looked almost reverentially upon the boy. It was a he superintendent had said, Seizing Little Speller with the most constituted as he looked almost reverentially upon the boy. It was the superintendent had said, Seizing Little Speller with the most constituted in the superintendent had said

Speller.

In the after days Squids would sit by the old model, gently speaking to it, and affectionately causing its mechanism to be put in operation, and he would say. "Little Speller is in there, He is in a hundred mills. You can hear him.

THE GREATEST OF BAREHACK RIDERS. How He Demonstrated the Superiority of

James Robinson was probably the king of the trade. Joseph Wheelock, the actor, who was the boon companion of the rider, once told me the incidents in the career of his friend during a vist he paid to England about fifteen years ago. Robinson had been engaged at a salary of \$2,000 a week to ride in Astley's Royal Amphitheatre in London. For weeks before he arrived he was heralded as the greatest bareback equestrian of the age. To amuse himself he took over with him a team of American trotting horses and a light buggy, but neglected to bring such horses as he would need to ride, This oversight rather astonished the English managers, who thought their contract, of course, included the furnishing of horses. Robinson made light of the matter, and said he could break the animals to his liking in the fortulaht fortwening between his activities of the management of the same of

THE MAD GENERAL'S HUT.

Th's a Fuglifye of the French Commune of QUINCY, July 9 .- Between Quincy and Coasset, two old-fashioned New England towns on Massachusetts Bay, stretches a lonesome tormous country road. Along the road the writer drove one day last week in company with a Quincy man to see the "General." The General is the one celebrity of this neighborod, and the plain country folk regard him with almost superstitious awe, which is height-ened by the seemingly impenetrable mystery with which he is surrounded. All they are able to tell about him is that one day in the summer of 1872 he was discovered in the woods he now makes his home, completing a hut in which he

has since then lived.

There is a vague story about his being a fugitive from France at the close of the commu-nistic outbreak of 1871, and that with a number of his exiled fellow-countrymen he sailed for Boston. On the voyage he went mad. He imagined that he was Napoleon being conveyed to St Helena, and determined to escape from his supposed guards. Late one night, when the vossel was steaming up Boston harbor, he managed to let himself down into a boat unobserved, and cut adrift. The next evening the boat drifted ashore at Marshfield, and was picked up by some fishermen, who found the officer unconscious. His gorgeous uniform in-dicated that he was a foreign officer of high rank. He was immediately removed to a house rank. He was immediately removed to a nouse and put to bed and skilfully treated with restoratives. At midnight he regained consciousness, and, looking wildly around the room, began to talk veciferously in a strange tongue. Springing out of bed he hastily donned his uniform and sword, and, despite the entreaties of the frightened attendant, rushed madly from the house.

That was the last seen of him until he was discovered by the men as mentioned above.

Drawing his sword he should at them commands which they could not comprehend. Thoroughly frightened they were about to run away when he but himself between them and their line of retreat and after much gesticulation of the state of the sta

Wells 300 Feet Deep Produce 25 Barrels Day-They May Do Better Some Time. BRADFORD, Pa., July 9.—Petroleum is pro-

uced in a primitive way in Peru. The off field, as developed, is small, and the production is under 300 barrels a day. Some months ago an experienced driller was engaged by Peruvian oil company to drill some wells according to the Pennsylvania method. The driller was A. A. Perkins of this city. In a letter to a friend he says that he is located a Zoratus, seven leagues west of Tumbes on the Pacific coast. A dozen rude houses, two oil wells that produce 25 barrels a day each, and a small and poorly stocked refinery make up Peru's principal oil town. The wells are shallow, and the drilling tools are as crude as those used in the early days when Col. Drake discovered oil in Pennsylvania. One of the Zoretus wells is 300 feet deep, and the other 450. Although the wells are so shallow, it takes seven menths or more to finish the boring. The rigs or derricks are unlike anything ever seen here.

The wells were drilled with small tools, the sperture through which the oil comes being three inches in dismeter. The Peru wells have not yot been allowed to make the acquaintance of the indissensable oil region sand reel. To clear the sediment out of the well the Peru driller attaches to the auger stem a socket two feet long. The work is necessarily slow and laborious. Peru's first oil well was drilled some time in 1865. Since then about fourteen wells have been drilled, several of which have produced excellent netroleum. None of the wells is over 500 feet deep. In the majority of the wells the tools are stuck fast in the holes. When it comes to a fishing job the Peruvian driller dues not know what to do.

Mr. Perkins was too far away from the oil country to secure the modern tools that he needed to revolutionize the art of drilling in Peru. He had to content himself with the resources at his command. After examining the geological formation of the country, Mr. Perkins came to the conclusion that the natives had not drilled deep enough, and he is now engaged in drilling one of the wells deeper. He will go 800 or 1,000 feet, if necessary, and is confident that he will strike a big flow of oil.

The native drillers have no faith in newfangled tools. The Pennsylvania oil man was amused at the abortive attempts of a native to force a well to pump by pouring water into the stuffing box.

Refined oil is worth \$4.50 per ten-gallon case at the refinery. The demand is far in excess of the supply. Peru from all accounts, is a paradise for wildcatters. With American drillers and American methods the Refuser. small and poorly stocked refinery make up Peru's principal oil town. The wells are shal-

ROBBING MADE RASE.

A New Scheme for Skinning Lambs at Pare

I met a typical gambler upon the street the other day. I suggested to him that the fraction of the control of t

Breach of Promise-An Irishman's Postleni From the London Daily News.

Yesterday (July 3), at the Middlesex Sheriff's Court, Red Lion square, before Mr. Under Sheriff Burcheil and a jury, the case of "Jellicoe agt. Stammers" came on for hearing. It was romitted from the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice for the surpose of assessing the damages to which the plaintiff was entitled, the defendant having allowed judgment to go by default.

Mr. S. C. Macaskie, who appeared for the blaintiff, said that this action was brought for the recovery of damages for a breach of promise of marriage made by the defendant to his client. The plaintiff, Miss Edith Jellicoe, who was now in her 21st year, was engaged at a milliner and dressmaker's establishment in New North road, Islington, and the defendant, Mr. William Stammers, who lived at 32 Lombard street, Dublin, was manager of the stationery department of the Junior Army and Navy Stores in D'Olier and Hawkin's streets, in that city. The acquaintance between them was first formed in Auril of last year, when the defendant met her in the street as she was returning home from business, and protected her from the insults of a drunken man near the Angel Tavern. He saw her part of the way home, and made an appointment to see her the next evening as she was coming out of church. He then suggested that, as he was desirous of paying his addresses to her with a view to marriage, he should profer to see her mother as soon as possible.

At the interview between himself and Mrs. At the interview between himself and Mrs. At the interview between himself and Mrs. Jellicoe he expressed a desire to cultivate an acquaintance with her daughter with the object of making her his wife, and arrangements were then made for their marriage. He returned to Dublin, and immediately followed a correspondence between the defendant and his betrothed. The letters, said the learned counsel, which were written by Mr. Stammers from Dublin to the plaintiff were couched in terms of gushing love, be himful of quotations.

In one of these amatory epistles he tells he

'Tis not in fate to harm me
While fate leaves thy love to me;
'Tis not in joy to charm me.
Unless joy be shared with thee. One minute's dream about thes Were worth a long and endless year Of waking bits without thes My own love, my only dear. [Laughter.]

Of waking blas without thes.

My own love, my only dear. [Laughter.]

In another letter he promises that she shall have the ring (the wedding ring) for which her sweet dainty little finger had already been measured. [Laughter.] He adds, "I was very careless, indeed, to leave London without getting it; but never mind, you know I am here, dearest pet, and I will soon cross the meiancholy streak of sliver that separaies my love from me, and fetch her over to Erin by the sea. I suppose you would come, and would not be afraid of the Fenians, would you, dear Edie 7 (Renewed laughter.) Dear, dirty lublin is now very quiet; in fact, it is duil; but if you were beside me, dearest, sweetest darling, to cheer me up and solace me, everything would be bright and glowing." [Stoars of laughter.]

He reminds her that the month in which he was then writing was suggestive of tender, loving thoughts, for had not the poet written:

The young May moon is beaming, love. The glow-worm's lamp is sleaming, love. The never too late for delight, my dear,
The best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.

To lengthen eir days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear.
[Renewed laughter.]
Subsequently he writes: "Well, then, old lady, you think you would not mind coming over to Ireland and sharing your fortunes with your dear Will. Well, we will try it on some day, if we live long enough, ILaughter.! Oh, dearest, the kiss you gave me last is still lingering on my line. I wish I had another." IRears of laughter.! The learned counsel read several letters expressing the warmest feelings of love and attachment to the plaintiff. In addition to this method of showing his love to the young lady he gave her a number of presents, and by correspondence fixed their wedding day for June last, but, to her great astonishment, he broke off the engagement on the ground that they lived in different countries and could not properly understand each other. IA laugh!

The plaintiff was then called, and gave evidence in support of her counsel sopening statement. She said the defendant was 28 years of age, and told her he had a first-class position in Dublin. Mr. Ross-Innes for the defendant, pleaded in mitigation of damages, and in the result the jury assessed amount at £150.

THE GRAY BETTER THAN THE GREEN

Jealous African Parrots-A Mexican Parrot which Biladed a Cat. A gray parrot with a red tall stood on the top of his cage and loudly expressed a desire for crackers, while the bird fancier pointed to him and talked to the customer.
"That's the bird for you, sir," he said. "He

knows as much as an ordinary child already, and he is only a year old. Why, he can say anything that he hears, and can bark like a do

in addition."
"Dog," repeated the parrot gravely: "Bow-

"He's an African parrot," the bird fancier continued, "as intelligent as any I ever saw. EA green parrot with a yellow head caught the eye of the customer, and he said he liked its appearance better than that of the gray par-rot, and he bought it.
"He made a mistake," said the bird fancier

after the customer had gone. "But I always

and it more profitable to let people have their own way. Now, there is no comparison between these two birds. The green parrot can't hold a candle to the gray. Ill guarantee that that gray one will learn anything. I don't care what it is. He picks up anything that he hears, and remembers it to the det he bird fancier by asking for ton cents' worth of bird seed.

"Give it to her quick," remarked the gray parrot. Than he looked severely at the little girl and said. "Mary Ann, I'll tell your ma."

"African parrots," the bird fancier continued after the girl had gone out, "are the eleverest of all the parrots, and there are close to four hundred varieties of them. Their memory is something wonderful, and I don't believe that they ere forget a sentence once learned. They can pronounce the hardest words, nonly in the English language, but in very quickly too, and if you devoke a little time to him every day you would get along. Some of them are very amusing, at times. I remember having sold a splendid bird to an old lady, who had several daughters who were not very early risers, and who gave the good old lady a great deal of trouble on that account. About 7 clock every morning she used to go to the foot of the stairway and call. Maria, Louisa, Carrie, got up.' The girls did not mind it very much, and us. W. to alseep on until 9 or 10 od clock.

They fed it apples, and every thing else they had handy, and when they want to bed they confided to each other that the new parrot was indeed apple. At 7 clock the next morning the old lady went to the foot of the stairs, and called the girls as usual. The gray aurrot, which and watched her with interest and list the condition of the stairs and called the girls as usual. The gray aurrot, which and watched her with interest and list the cold lady had gone back to the dining room. So, imitating her voice, he called:

"Maria, Louisa, Carrie, get up." "As they didn't, he thought they might not have heard him, so he kept on calling until the girls were good to the strong of the str

There was a parrot in the room, but he was all assie. The cut came around after the parrot the next night. I was awakened by hearing a great noise. I went down stairs. The parrot was shouting 'Fretty Foil.' I struck shouting Fretty Foil. I struck shouting Fretty Foil. I struck shouting Fretty Foil. I struck shouting Fretty Foil.' I struck shouting Fretty Foil. I struck shouting Fretty Foil. I struck for Forms Forest House 'What do you have to hunt woodchucks so or sene the cased arouning Fretty Foil.' I shout foil in the woodchuck shouting Fretty Foil. I shout foil in the woodchuck shouting Fretty Foil. I shout Foil. I s

in'my farm an' destroyin'my clover. I never see the cussed groundhogs so thick sence I lived in Scott township, an' I've lived there goin' on to sixty-six year. It would take me a good bit longer to tell how I hunt the wood-chucks than it would to tell why I hunt'em, but of ye want to know I'll tell ye. Last wintor was a mighty cold one, but it 'pears to of ben jest the thing fur the woodchuck. He growed an' thrived when everything was froze up tighter 'n a bung, an' his goin' back in his hole on the fust of February an' stayin' there six weeks seems to of made him more perillictan he was last year. Airly in June I noticed there was a good many fresh holes in my medders an' pasters, an I said to my youngest son, who's cz good a loy ez hair ever growed on. I guess, I han my the word with the large and it is emitted to the word with the least we kill some on 'em off the sup fore fall. less we kill some on 'em off the sup fore fall. less we kill some on 'em off the an' trod it down till I was half crazy over the outlook. One day I seen more'n twenty of 'em caperin' round in my best medder, an' I set the dog on 'em. He sain' to he wuth three rye straws sone, jest because one o' th' old he ones bit his nose a little, an' I hes a good mind to shoot him instid of one of the chucks, tur I karn't git him to go near the medder now. I shoot a few purity fat fellows, but the more I shot the thicker they seemed to git, an' I made up my mind that sono faster way to git red of 'em would hev to be used, an' so I hed th' traps brought out an' lied up. We hed live traps, an' we sould put 'on, an' kiverod 'em up with dirt. I spent a huil half day in watchin'n em to see how they got in an' out o' their holes without steppin' on th' dirt over the was a listed on the special to see five woodchucks we retried to live traps and the special to see five woodchucks we was to all be not grant in the little on the reason of the little on the special half day in watchin'n em to see how they got in an' out o' their holes without steppin' on

MISTERIOUS INFLUENCES.

Dreams and Premonttions which Do No. "I'm going to tell you something that's

true," said a Brooklyn man the other day,
"You can believe it or not, but it's true. I have a cousin who went to Europe for her health last year. While in France she died. Comparing time between France and America it must have been within an hour of her death that her mother, who was knitting in the sitting room at home, laid her knitting work in her lap and looked up with a sort of stunned expression.
'Why! Alice is dead!' she said. Next day wo got a despatch by cable saying she was dead."
"There was," said another member of the party, "a curious illustration of mind reading or spiritual telegraphy, or whatever you like to

call it, during the war. You remember that

the battle of Gettysburg was settled on the 3d of July, though Lee lay on his arms exhis retreat that night. The surrender of Vicks burg occurred on the 4th. Gettysburg and Vicksburg are 800 miles apart, or perhaps more, and no telegraph message had been received at Gettysburg announcing the surren-der of Vicksburg-at least, if there had been, it could hardly have reached headquarters be-fore sundown on the 4th. The Twelfth Corps

der of Vicksburg—at least, if there had been, it could hardly have reached headquarters before sundown on the 4th. The Twelfth Corps had been drawn up in line on the afterneon of the 4th with a view to changing position, and was standing at 'in piace, rest, when one of the soldiers exclaimed 'Vicksburg's taken'. The word paged down the line, and a cheer broke from the troops. That news and the certainty that Lee had sustained a severe defeat put new life into them. But when an attempt was made to trace the news to official sources it couldn't to done. That soldier felt it in his bones, and had spoken right out. Next day despatches arrived that proved that the soldier had spoken the truth."

"Yes, those things are unaccountable," said a third speaker. The intuitions or whatever they are, needn't be so very important either. I remember that my father was sitting in his library one afternoon, when he took out his watch, looked at it, and said: 'E—will be here in ten minutes.' E—was his brother-in-law, who lived in a neighboring town, and though he called over frequently, he was not expected that day. After he had spoken, my father seemed rather surprised at himself, and laughed a little awkwardly. My mother asked how he knew that E—would be there, and he said he didn't know; he had spoken on the immittee the bell rang. E—was at the door. He had only come to dinner, and his visit was not important; but he had, somehow, projected his personality ahead of him."

Said a fourth: 'There really is such a thing as seeing beyond the limit of human vision. I'll tell you a little circumstance that I can swear to, and there let's talk about something about the city. One night I dreamed that I was there in a park facing some public buildings, and over the trees and roofs at the right were the towers of Westminster Albey and Parliament buildings. That night an important house for a waik. I saw my trunk safely stowed, and then was the peture I had seen in my dream—trees, towers, public buildinks and nil. Before I went there a I KANSE CROSSES THE DEAD LINE

Life No Use to Him, with the Cattle Barone Blockading No Man's Land. LAS ANIMAS, July 14 .- The second herd of

cattle that came to a halt just south of No Man's Land was that of the Foster Brothers of southwestern Texas. When the forward drovers found that there was a picket line of Winchesters they headed their stock off, and, as the cattle came up in a great bunch, the drovers rode rapidly forward to discover the cause of the trouble. One of these was an old man known in every town between San Antonio and Glendive as "Kanse." Kanse was wiry, grizzly, wrinkled, and brown, and his sharp little eyer fairly danced under their fringe of snow-white hair as he demanded the reason for stopping him he wanted to fight right away, and it was

A Wildent Oil Well Started in Rock that b

Found Briow Oil Formations PARKERSBURG, July 16 .- A queer specimen of the wildcat work done by operators has just

entiqualastic prospectors came here during the past winter, and, after looking over the ground, concluded that the surface indications were good. They didn't say much to the people, but quietly leased as much land as they could, in most instances getting it for one-eighth royalty on all minerals, oil, sait, or other valu able substances or materials which they should find by drilling. A rig was put up, and the creak of the buil wheel was heard in the land. to the delight of every one. The operators expected they would have to drill pretty deep, and so felt no disappointment as the drill sank through stratum after stratum without niere, ing any white pebbles. About a week and a man dressed in store clothes and wearing a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses were acoustemance which showed he knew something drives and, having heard of the wildest hitched his team and walked ever to take to the boys. The drillers had not been encouraged enough to board up the rig and make a mystery of it, and so whon he asked them how they were redistable and provided the control of the same and the control of the same and the control of the same and pump from the strate of rock through the same provided and the various stratum from the drillers which the drill had passed. The non-man by the same in the tube for about three seconds and then said:

"En 2" said the boss, grasping the line that leed to the cogine house.

"You've got to reverse."

"En 2" said the boss, grasping the line that leed to the cogine house.

"You've got to reverse; you're drilling in the wrong direction. The land hereatents on the surface is ab ut 1,000 feet, geologically speaking, below the lowest of sand ever saped.

The boys wouldn't believe it then, but it was true. They began by boring through a gratite. The men who put up the money will find a little argand lamp chimmey as valuable and a much more expensive lesson in geology than ever was obtained among the old red stones we read about. They are \$2,000 out of nocket. through stratum after stratum without pierc-